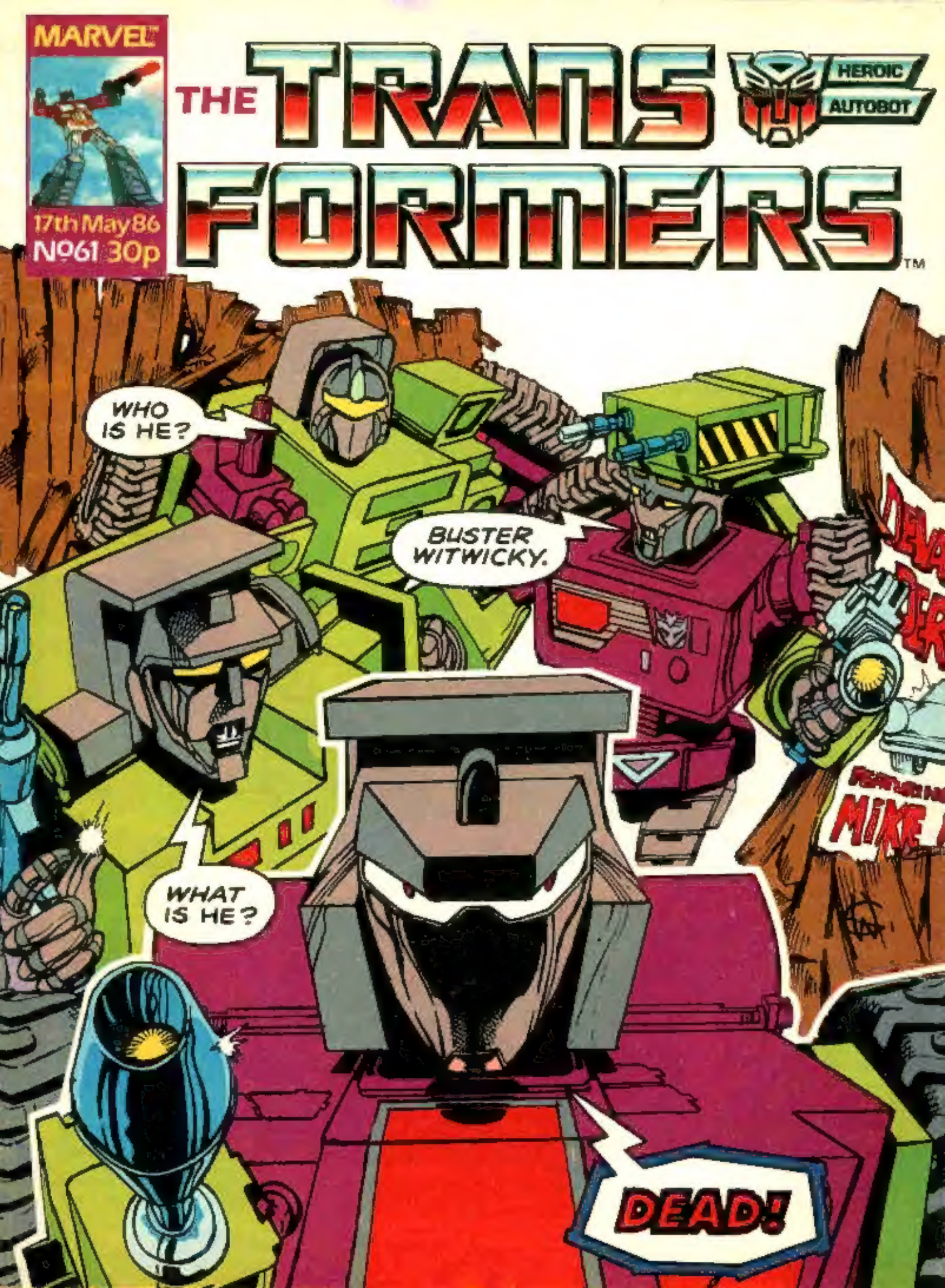
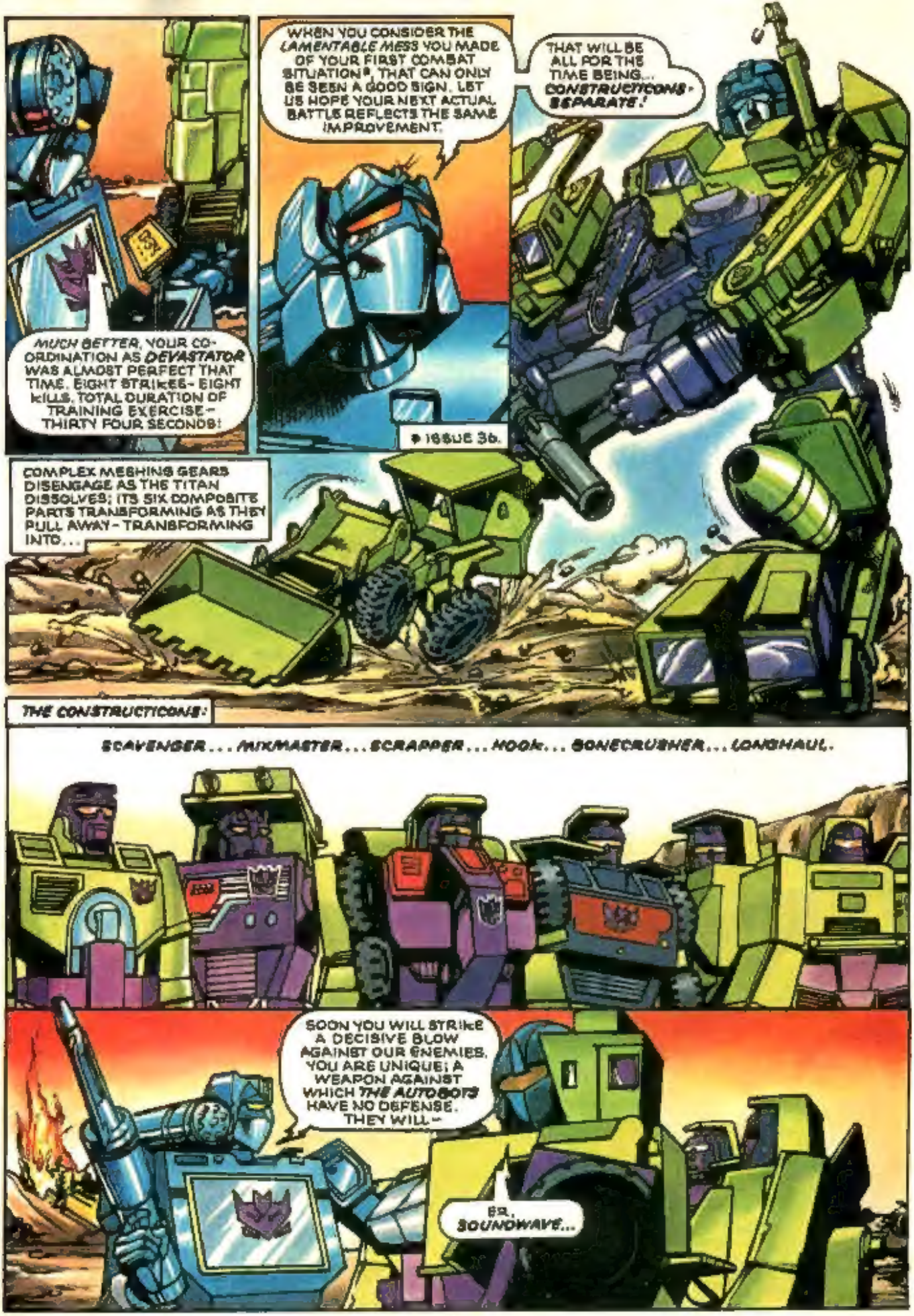
MARVEL
17th May 86
No61 30p

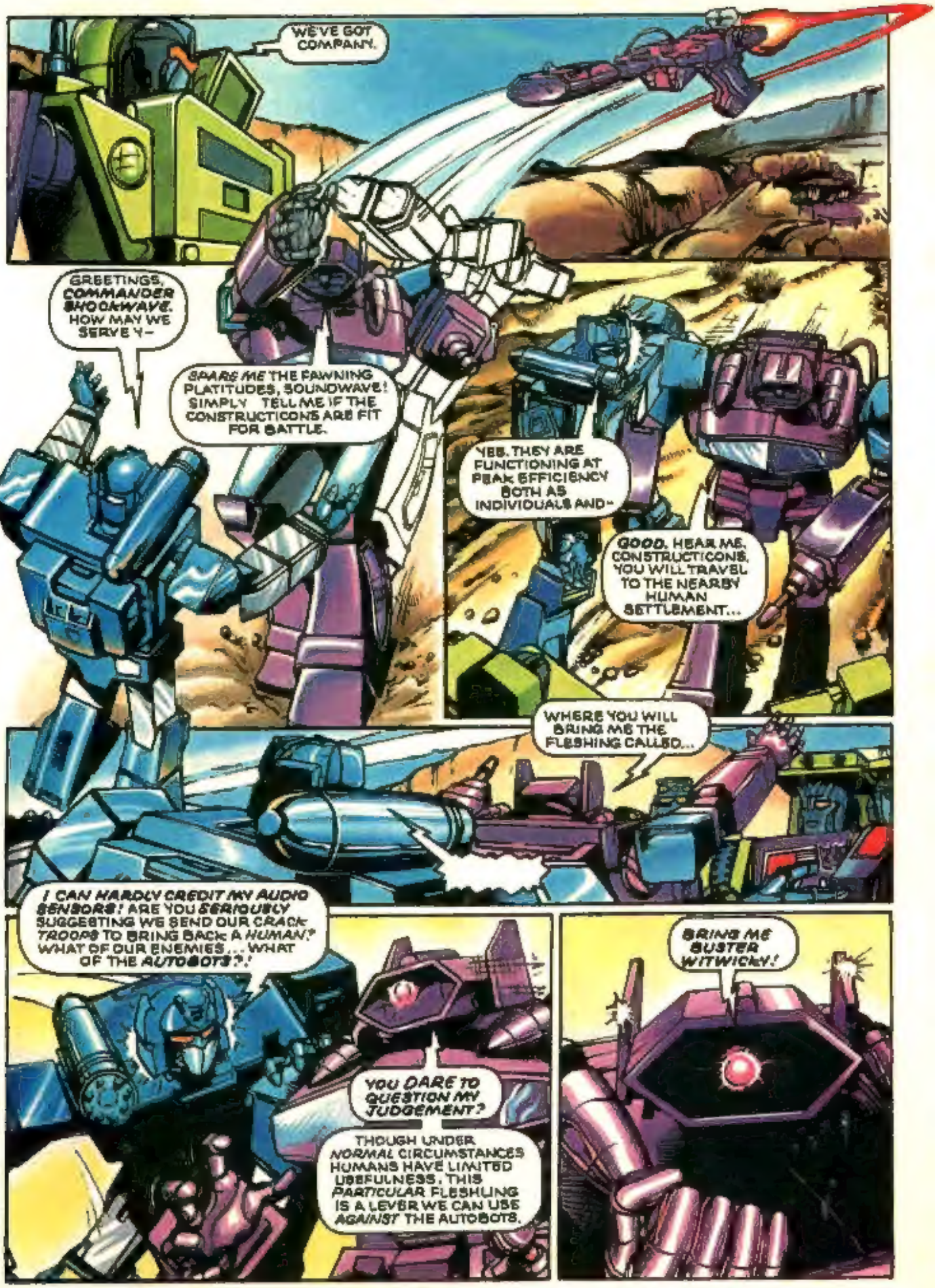
THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT



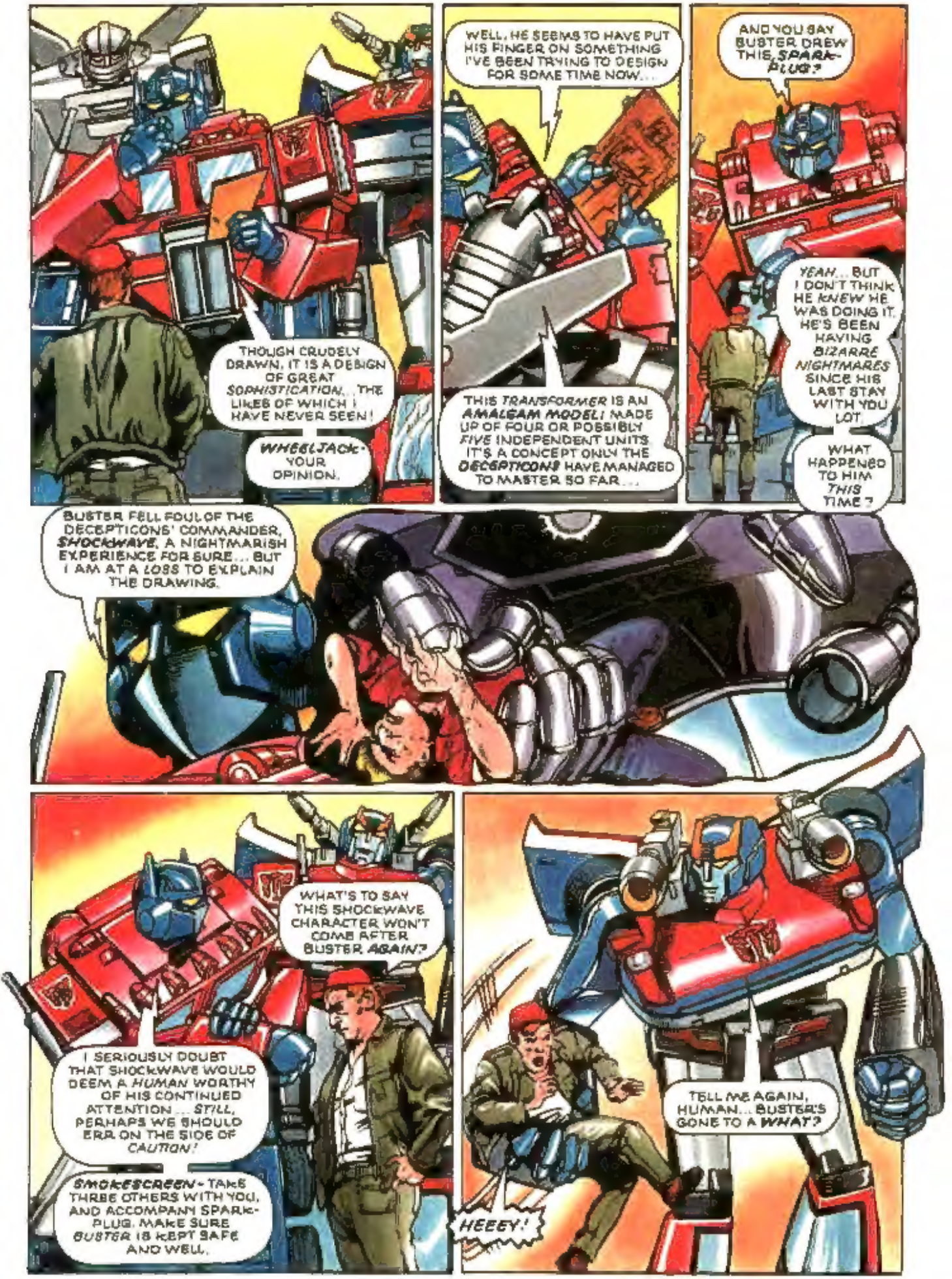
TRANSFORMERS
AUTOBOT
BROOOMF!
GOOD!
DERBY! PART 1
STORY: SIMON FURMAN
ART: WILL SIMPSON
LETTERS: MIKE SCOTT
COLOUR: JOHN BURNS
EDITOR: IAN RIMMER


MUCH BETTER. YOUR CO-ORDINATION AS DEVASTATOR WAS ALMOST PERFECT THAT TIME. EIGHT STRIKES- EIGHT KILLS. TOTAL DURATION OF TRAINING EXERCISE- THIRTY FOUR SECONDS!
WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE LAMENTABLE MESS YOU MADE OF YOUR FIRST COMBAT SITUATION*, THAT CAN ONLY BE SEEN A GOOD SIGN. LET US HOPE YOUR NEXT ACTUAL BATTLE REFLECTS THE SAME IMPROVEMENT.
* ISSUE 36.
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR THE TIME BEING... CONSTRUCTICONS - SEPARATE!
COMPLEX MESHING GEARS DISENGAGE AS THE TITAN DISSOLVES; ITS SIX COMPOSITE PARTS TRANSFORMING AS THEY PULL AWAY - TRANSFORMING INTO...
THE CONSTRUCTICONS:
SCAVENGER... MIXMASTER... SCRAPPER... HOOK... BONECRUSHER... LONGHAUL.
SOON YOU WILL STRIKE A DECISIVE BLOW AGAINST OUR ENEMIES. YOU ARE UNIQUE; A WEAPON AGAINST WHICH THE AUTOBOTS HAVE NO DEFENSE. THEY WILL -
ER, SOUNDWAVE...


WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
GREETINGS, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE. HOW MAY WE SERVE Y–
SPARE ME THE FAWNING PLATITUDES, SOUNDWAVE! SIMPLY TELL ME IF THE CONSTRUCTICONS ARE FIT FOR BATTLE.
YES. THEY ARE FUNCTIONING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY BOTH AS INDIVIDUALS AND–
GOOD. HEAR ME, CONSTRUCTICONS. YOU WILL TRAVEL TO THE NEARBY HUMAN SETTLEMENT...
WHERE YOU WILL BRING ME THE FLESHING CALLED...
I CAN HARDLY CREDIT MY AUDIO SENSORS! ARE YOU SERIOUSLY SUGGESTING WE SEND OUR CRACK TROOPS TO BRING BACK A HUMAN? WHAT OF OUR ENEMIES... WHAT OF THE AUTOBOTS?!
YOU DARE TO QUESTION MY JUDGEMENT?
THOUGH UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES HUMANS HAVE LIMITED USEFULNESS, THIS PARTICULAR FLESHLING IS A LEVER WE CAN USE AGAINST THE AUTOBOTS.
BRING ME BUSTER WITWICKY!

NOOOO!
BUSTER! WHAT'S HAPPENED? ARE YOU...
BUSTER?
RELAX, SON... IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM... A NIGHTMARE.
NUH... NUH...
NUH... NO DREAM... REAL, SO REAL!
SOMETIMES THEY DO SEEM REAL, BUSTER. BUT -
REAL, I TELL YOU! LOOK... LOOK!
WHA-? AAAH!

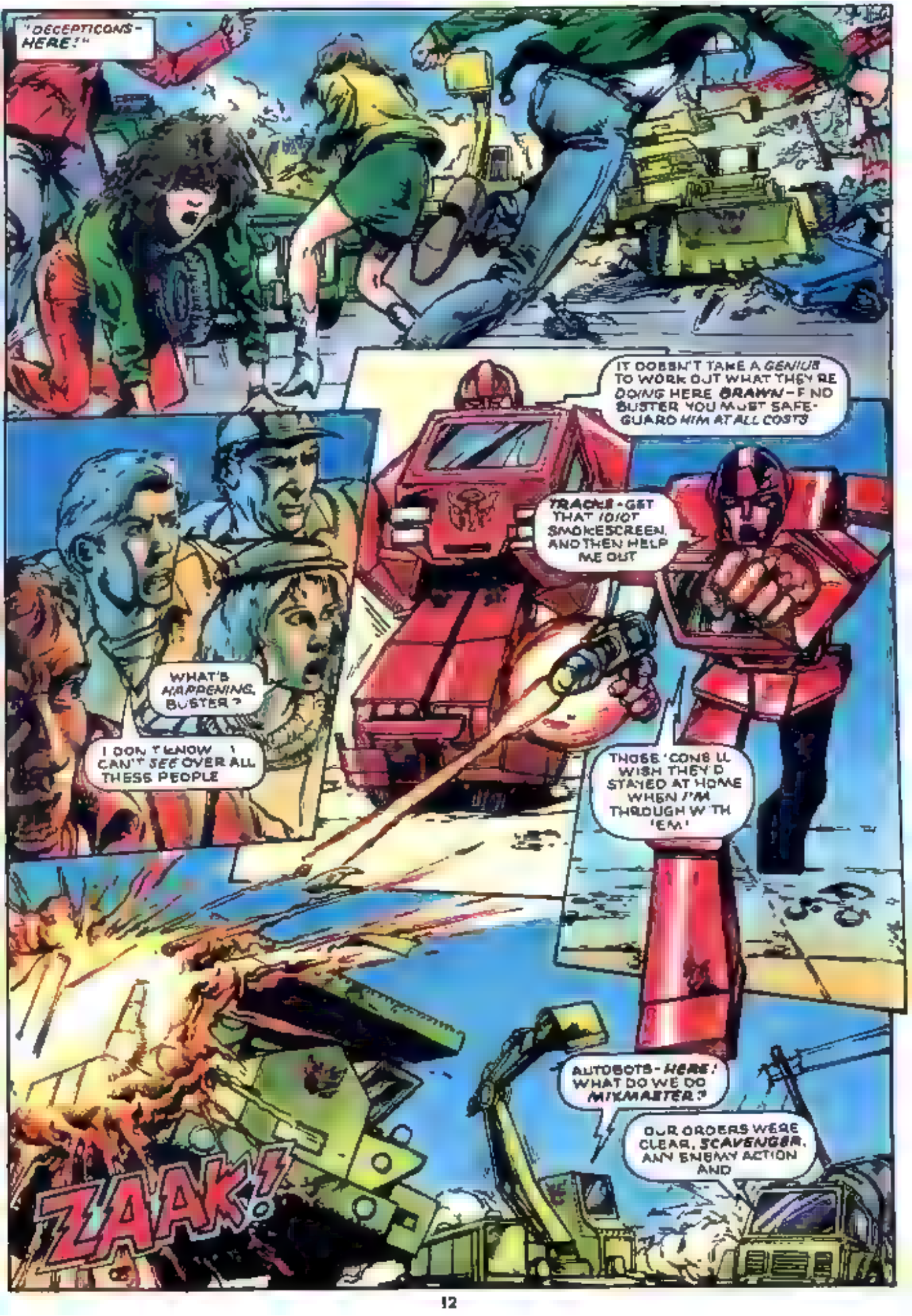
THE NEXT DAY...
OH, HONESTLY, BUSTER!
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO SUGGESTED IT IN THE FIRST PLACE! AND NOW I'M HERE, WHAT DO I GET? 'I CAN'T BE BOTHERED, JESSIE.' HA!
TELL HIM, MISTER WITWICKY... PLEASE!
SHE'S RIGHT, BUSTER... YOU SHOULD GO!
YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE ALL MORNING - IT'LL DO YOU GOOD TO GET OUT FOR A WHILE. AND BESIDES, THE DEMOLITION DERBY ONLY COMES ROUND ONCE A MONTH... YOU'VE NEVER MISSED ONE YET...
GO ON, GET OUT OF HERE... ENJOY YOURSELF.
OH WELL... IF YOU INSIST!
WOW - SUCH ENTHUSIASM! THIS CALLS FOR A DRASTIC REASSESSMENT OF YOUR APPEAL, JESSIE MA GIRL!
'BYE! I'LL HAVE MISTER PERSONALITY HERE BACK LATER THIS AFTERNOON.
'BYE, KIDS... HAVE FUN.
FASCINATING!


THOUGH CRUDELY DRAWN, IT IS A DESIGN OF GREAT SOPHISTICATION... THE LIKES OF WHICH I HAVE NEVER SEEN!
WHEELJACK- YOUR OPINION.
WELL, HE SEEMS TO HAVE PUT HIS FINGER ON SOMETHING I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DESIGN FOR SOME TIME NOW...
THIS TRANSFORMER IS AN AMALGAM MODEL! MADE UP OF FOUR OR POSSIBLY FIVE INDEPENDENT UNITS. IT'S A CONCEPT ONLY THE DECEPTICONS! HAVE MANAGED TO MASTER SO FAR...
AND YOU SAY BUSTER DREW THIS, SPARK-PLUG?
YEAH... BUT I DON'T THINK HE KNEW HE WAS DOING IT. HE'S BEEN HAVING BIZARRE NIGHTMARES SINCE HIS LAST STAY WITH YOU LOT.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THIS TIME?
BUSTER FELL FOUL OF THE DECEPTICONS' COMMANDER, SHOCKWAVE, A NIGHTMARISH EXPERIENCE FOR SURE... BUT I AM AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE DRAWING.
WHAT'S TO SAY THIS SHOCKWAVE CHARACTER WON'T COME AFTER BUSTER AGAIN?
I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT SHOCKWAVE WOULD DEEM A HUMAN WORTHY OF HIS CONTINUED ATTENTION... STILL, PERHAPS WE SHOULD ERR ON THE SIDE OF CAUTION!
SMOKESCREEN- TAKE THREE OTHERS WITH YOU, AND ACCOMPANY SPARK-PLUG. MAKE SURE BUSTER IS KEPT SAFE AND WELL.
HEEEY!
TELL ME AGAIN, HUMAN... BUSTER'S GONE TO A WHAT?

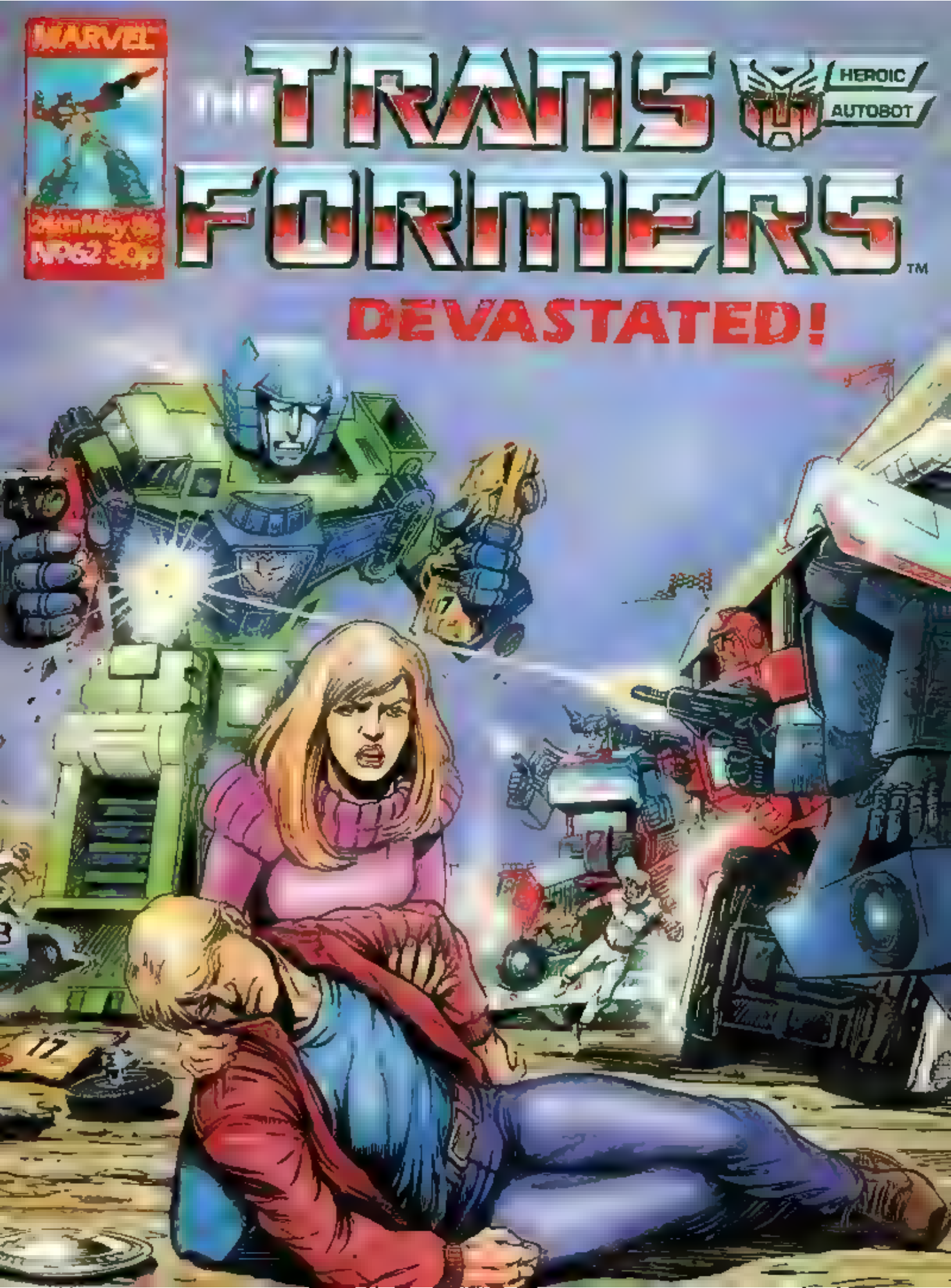
SCREE-
DEMOLITION DERBY
FEATURING
MIKE MAYHEM
RUUNCH!
32
THAT'S IT! TAKE HIM OUT!
RIP 'IM TO SHREDS!
MOVE IT, THIRTY-TWO!
AH, I UNDERSTAND NOW. THIS IS A FORM OF GLADIATORIAL COMBAT, WHERE WARRIORS PROVE THEIR WORTH IN PITCHED BATTLE.
WELL... SORT OF...
ER, SMOKE-SCREEN...
WHO ARE THE GUYS DRIVING TRACKS, IRONHIDE AND BRAWN? THEY'RE AWFULLY QUIET.
HMMM? OH, THEM. THEY'RE NOT ACTUALLY HUMANS - RATHER FACSIMILE CONSTRUCTS THAT ARE STORED WITHIN OUR SEAT CUSHIONS, USED TO DISGUISE OUR TRUE NATURE.
I HAVE ONE TOO, HERE - I'LL SHOW YOU...
DUNT!
OOOW!

MEANWHILE...
THAT'LL BE TWO BUCKS FIFTY, BUD...
Y!!!!
Y-YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE IN THOSE THINGS! YOU GUYS MUST BE IN THE WRONG PLACE...
ARE WE, SCRAPPER?
NEGATIVE, HOOK. OUR INFORMATION PLACES THE TARGET WITHIN.
IN THAT CASE, HUMAN...
IT IS YOU WHO ARE IN THE WRONG PLACE!
THRAACH!
AND NOW, SCRAPPER, IF YOU WOULD DO THE HONOURS...
SHRICKAMM!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING?
WHAT'S THAT?
"THIS LOOKS LIKE MY SORT' A PLACE!"
NO, NOT REALLY. TODAY'S DERBY IS AN ALL-COMERS EVENT. ANYONE WHO FEELS SO INCLINED CAN...
AWWW NO! YOU DON'T MEAN—
AGAIN, MISTER WITWICKY... I APOLOGISE. I WAS SO INTENT ON WATCHING THE DERBY, I WAS UNAWARE YOU HAD CLIMBED WITHIN ME ONCE MORE.
HARRUMPH!
TELL ME SOMETHING... DO YOU NEED SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS TO COMPETE IN THIS EVENT?
I MOST CERTAINLY DO!
VARROOOOOM
IMPETUOUS YOUNGSTER! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE. WHAT DOES HE GO AND DO...?
ALL I KNOW IS, YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME DEAD IN THERE. SCRATCHED PAINTWORK, DENTED FENDERS... UGGH... IT DOESN'T BEAR THINKING ABOUT!
HEY! YOU TWO...


"DECEPTICONS - HERE!"
IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO WORK OUT WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE BRAWN - FIND BUSTER YOU MUST SAFE-GUARD HIM AT ALL COSTS
TRACKS - GET THAT IDIOT SMOKESCREEN, AND THEN HELP ME OUT
WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUSTER?
I DON'T KNOW I CAN'T SEE OVER ALL THESE PEOPLE
THOSE 'CONS'LL WISH THEY'D STAYED AT HOME WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH 'EM!
AUTOBOTS - HERE! WHAT DO WE DO MIKMASTER?
OUR ORDERS WERE CLEAR, SCAVENGER. ANY ENEMY ACTION AND
ZAAK!!

CONSTRUCTICONS - COMBINE!
HOOK!
I HATE IT WHEN THEY DO THAT!
N-NO PLEASE, NO!
NOOOO!
BUSTER?
BUSTERRR!
NEXT: DEVASTATED!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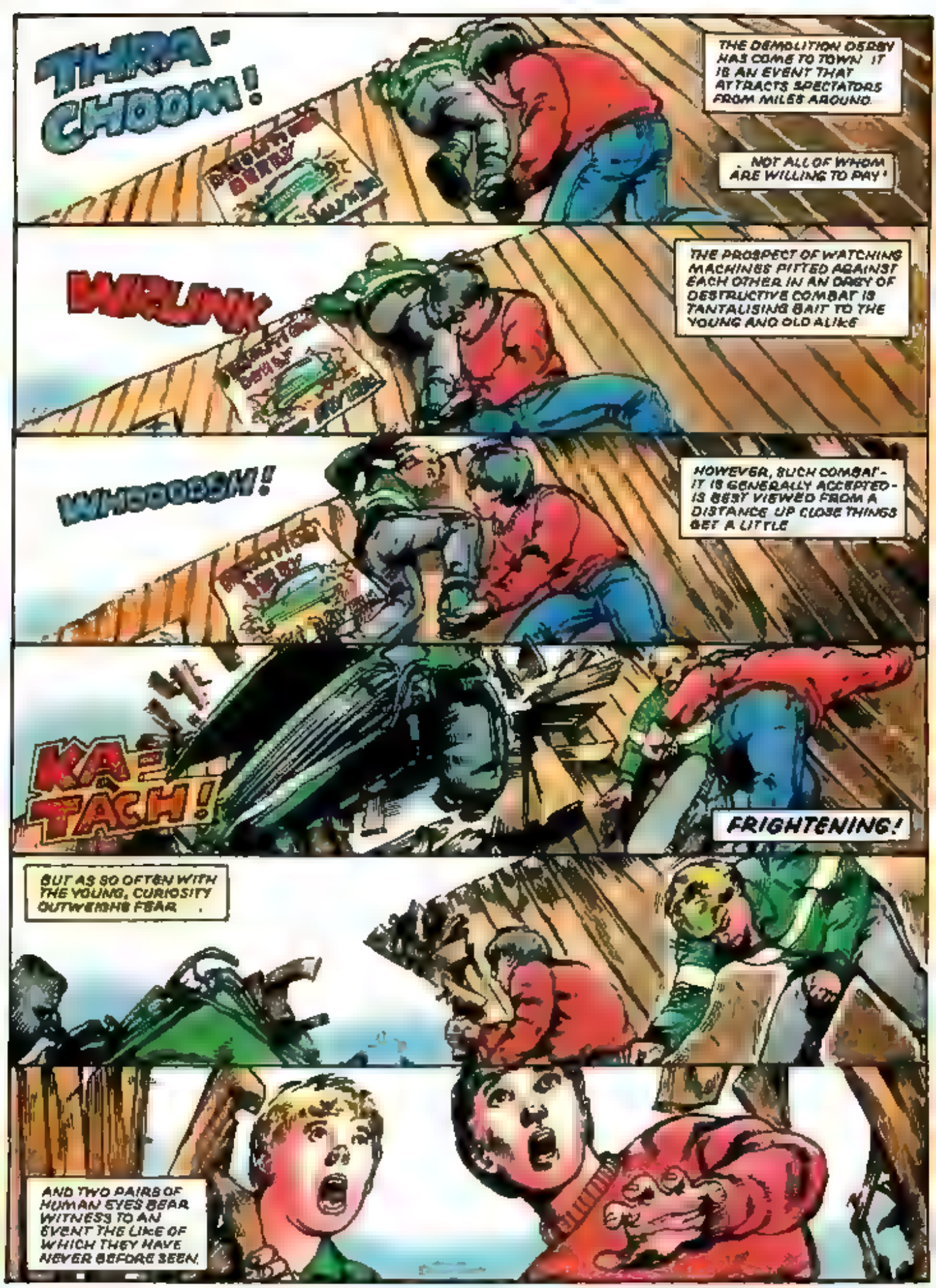
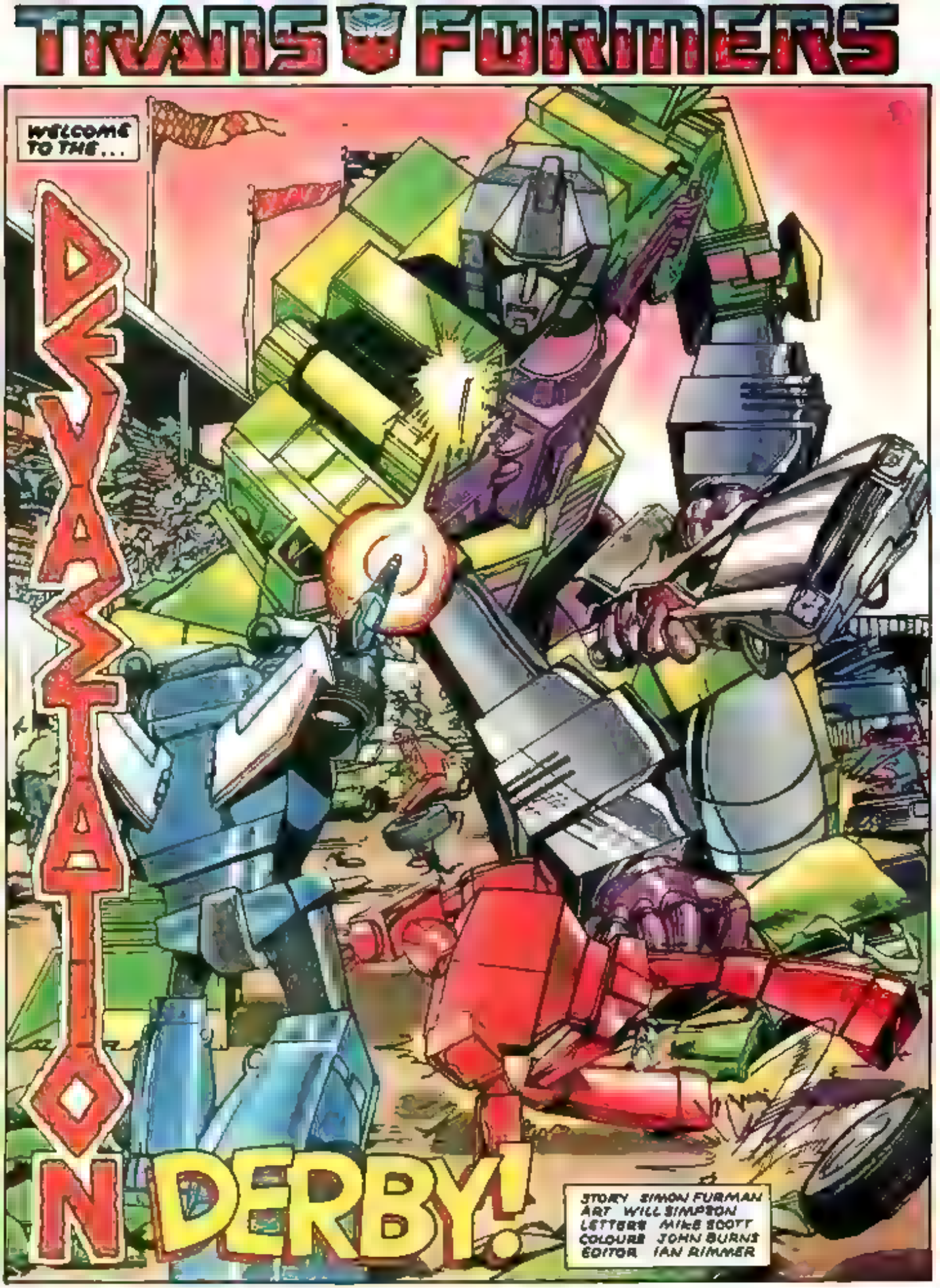
DEVASTATED!


THIRA-CHOOM!
THE DEMOLITION DERBY HAS COME TO TOWN! IT IS AN EVENT THAT ATTRACTS SPECTATORS FROM MILES AROUND.
. . NOT ALL OF WHOM ARE WILLING TO PAY!
WRUNK
THE PROSPECT OF WATCHING MACHINES PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER IN AN ORGY OF DESTRUCTIVE COMBAT IS TANTALISING BAIT TO THE YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE
WHOOOOOM!
HOWEVER, SUCH COMBAT - IT IS GENERALLY ACCEPTED - IS BEST VIEWED FROM A DISTANCE. UP CLOSE THINGS GET A LITTLE
KA-TACH!
FRIGHTENING!
BUT AS SO OFTEN WITH THE YOUNG, CURIOSITY OUTWEIGHS FEAR.
AND TWO PAIRS OF HUMAN EYES BEAR WITNESS TO AN EVENT THE LIKE OF WHICH THEY HAVE NEVER BEFORE SEEN.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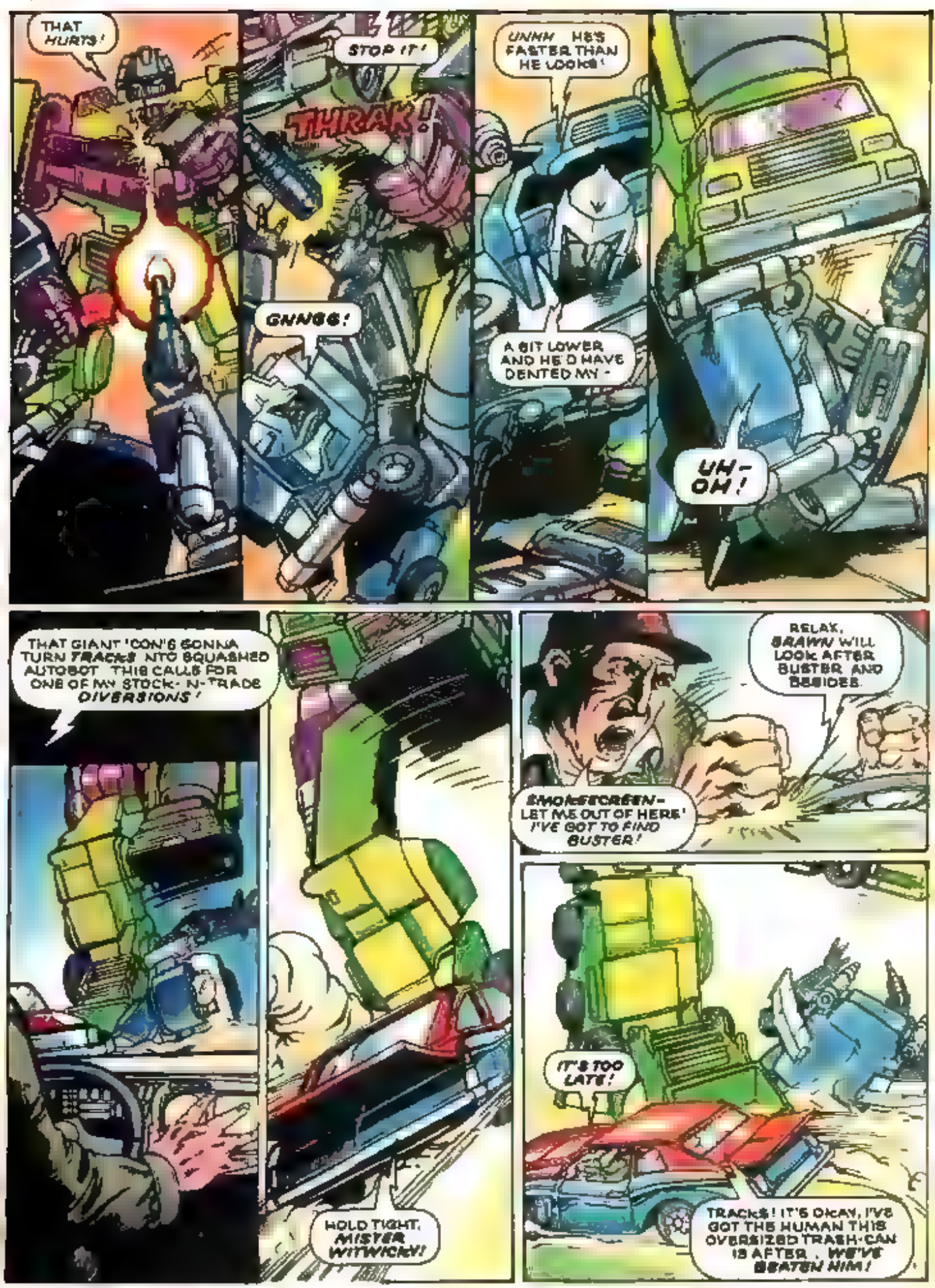
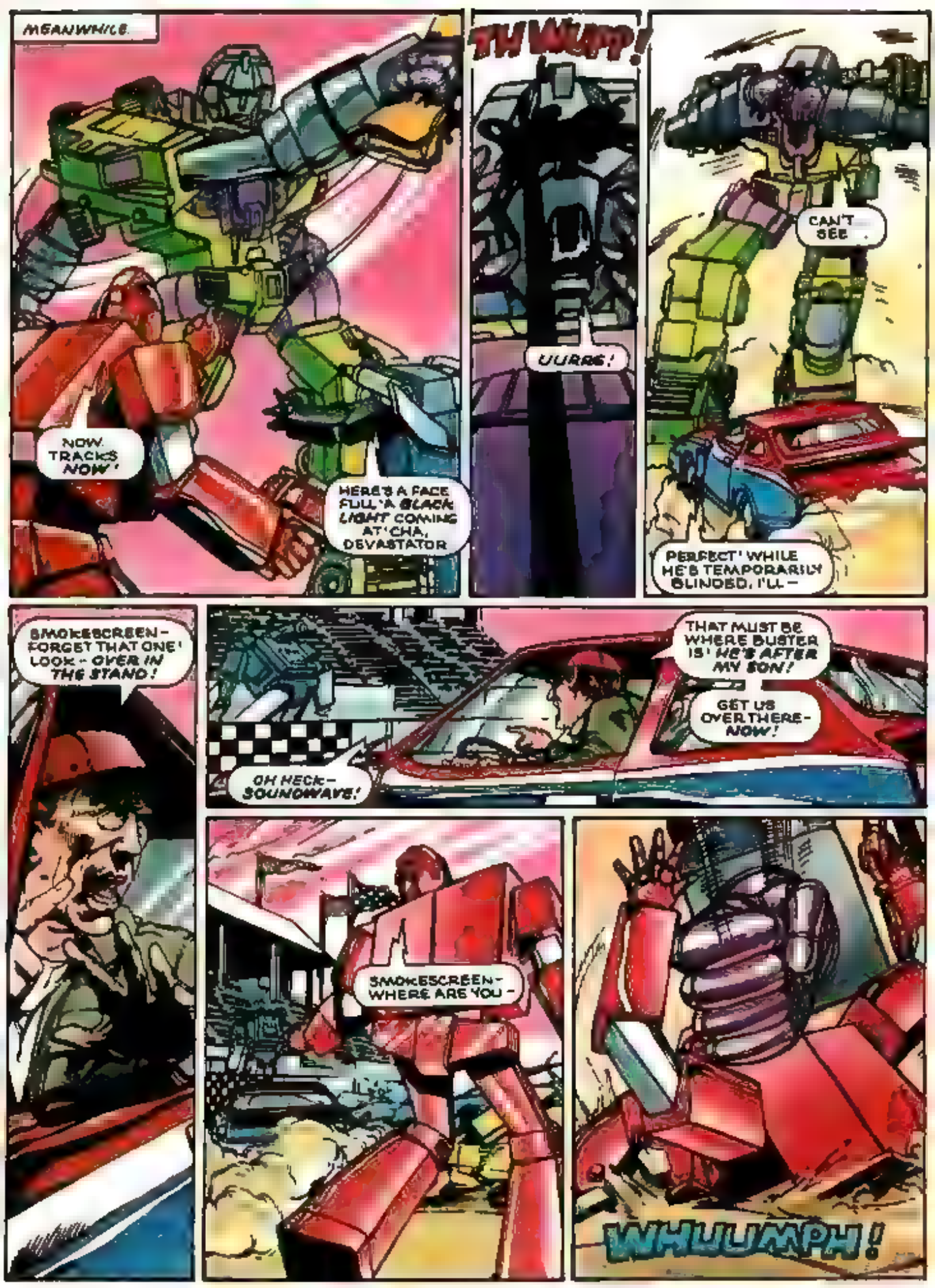
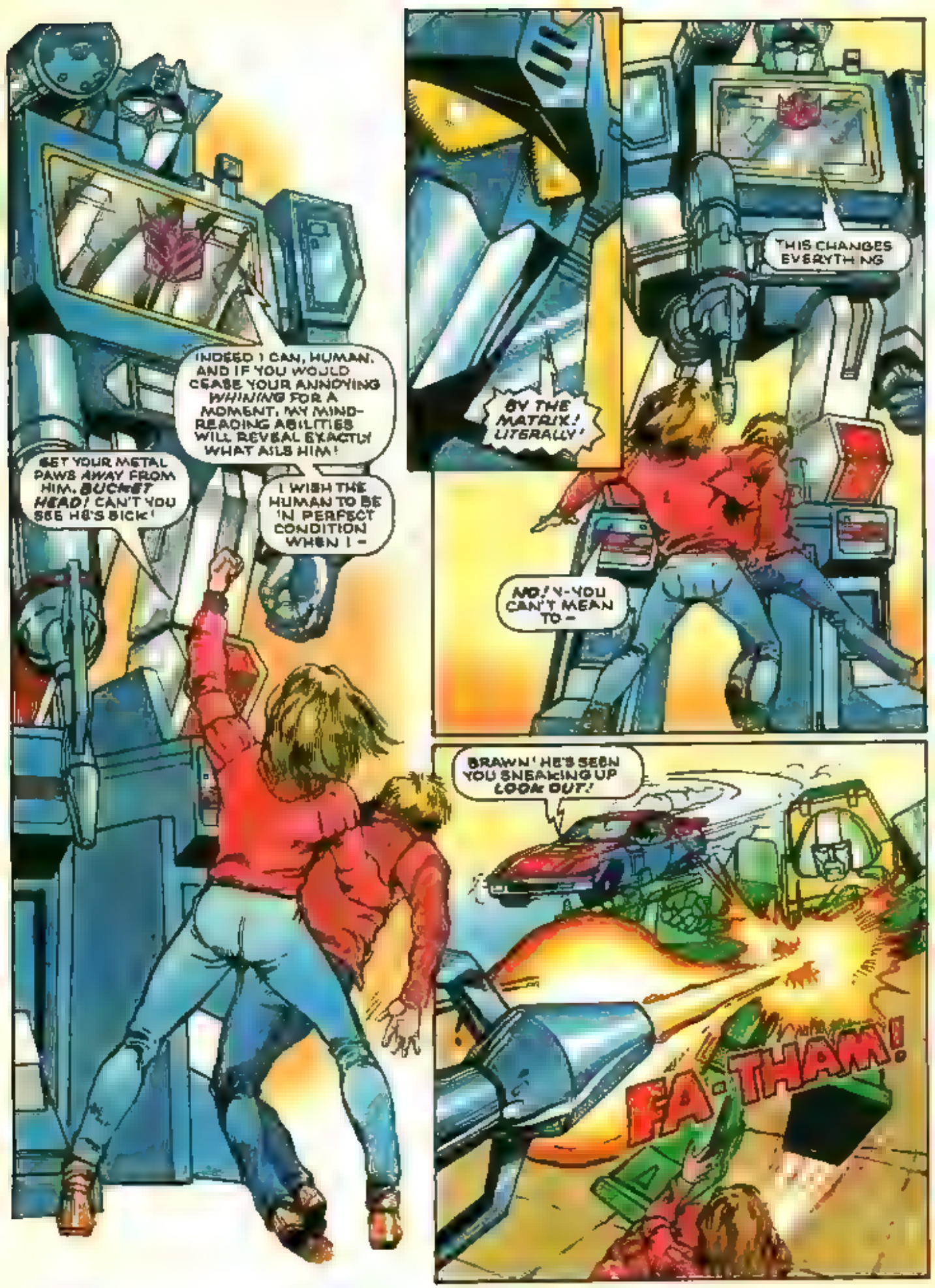
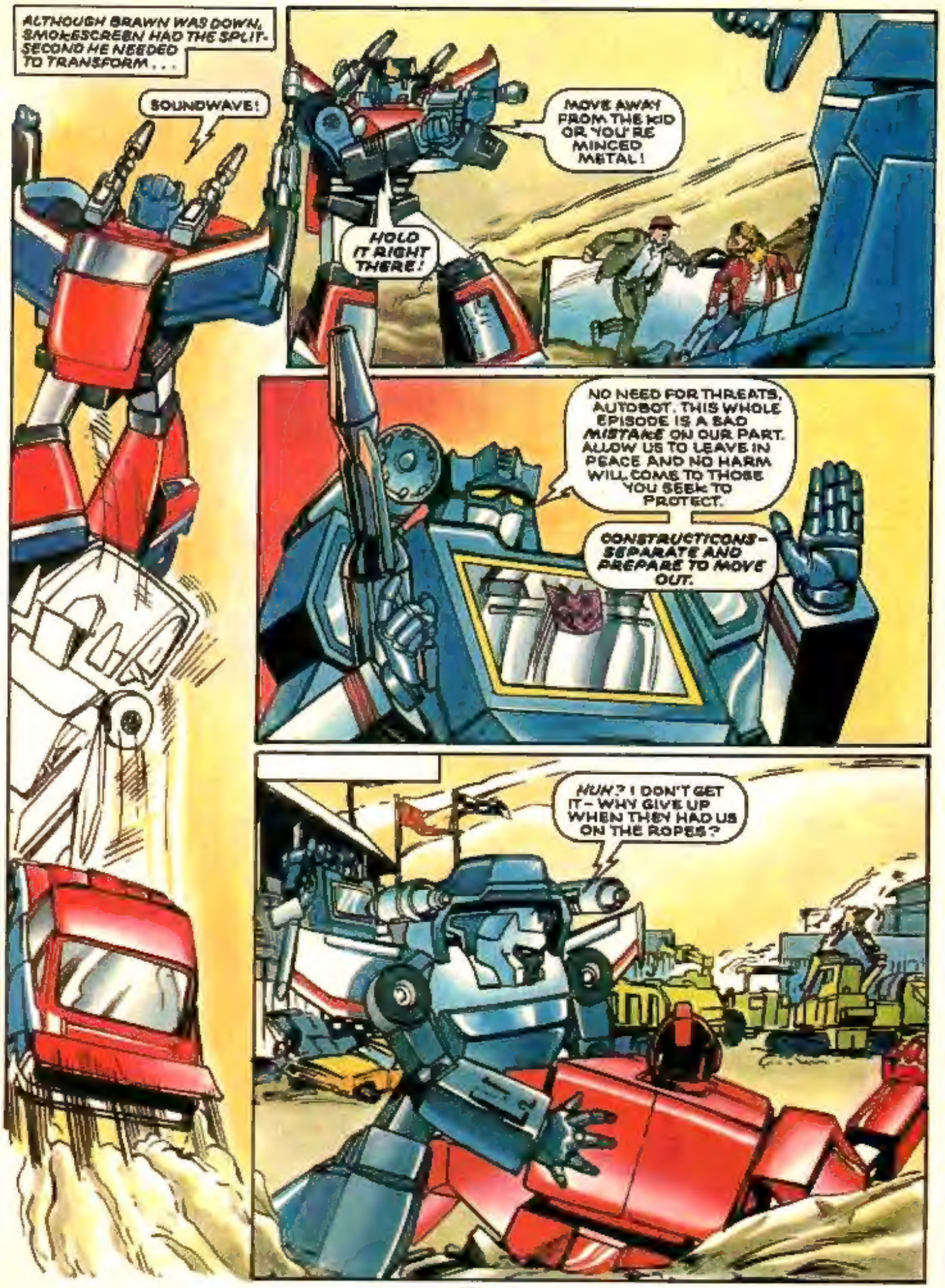

THAT HURTS!
STOP IT!
THRAK!
GNNGG!
UNNH HE'S FASTER THAN HE LOOKS!
A BIT LOWER AND HE'D HAVE DENTED MY -
UH-OH!
THAT GIANT 'CON'S GONNA TURN TRACKS INTO SQUASHED AUTOBOT THIS CALLS FOR ONE OF MY STOCK-N-TRADE DIVERSIONS!
HOLD TIGHT, MISTER WITWICKY!
RELAX, BRAWN WILL LOOK AFTER BUSTER AND BESIDES.
SMOKESCREEN - LET ME OUT OF HERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND BUSTER!
IT'S TOO LATE!
TRACKS! IT'S OKAY, I'VE GOT THE HUMAN THIS OVERSIZED TRASH-CAN IS AFTER. WE'VE BEATEN HIM!

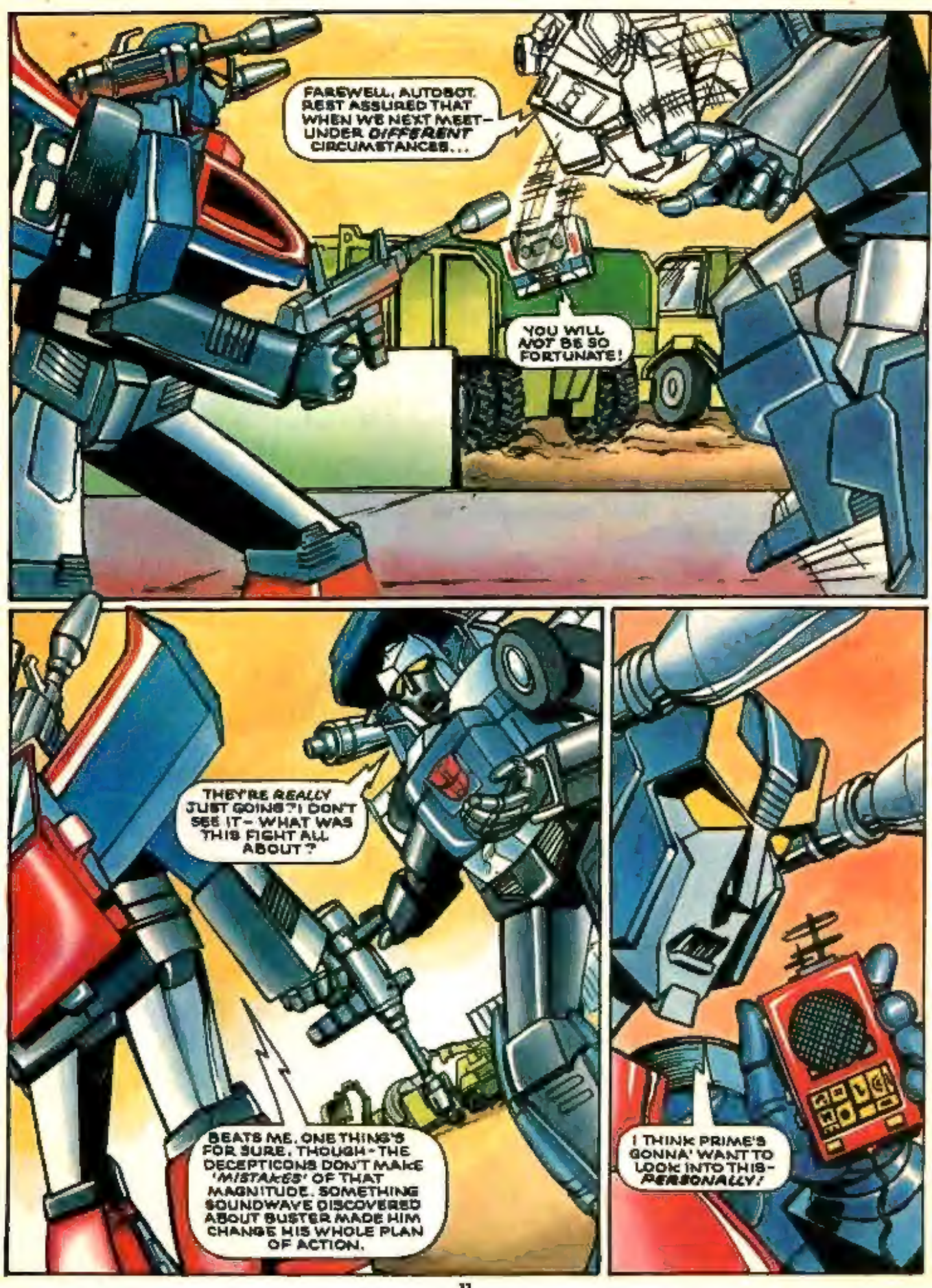
BEATEN ?!
WHERE'S THE PUNY AUTOBOT WHO SAID TH—?
WHOARRA!
THE BIGGER THEY ARE.
THRUND!
THAT WAS A NICE MOVE. THE YOUNGSTER MAY BE FLASHY, BUT HE CERTAINLY GETS THE JOB DONE.
TROUBLE IS - AT BEST WE SEEM TO BE DELAYING DEVASTATOR. THE CONSTRUCTICONS SEEM TO BE REACTING MORE FLUIDLY IN THEIR COMBINED FORM THIS TIME ROUND.
JUST HOPE BRAWN'S GOT BUSTER TO SAFETY!
THIS IS HOPELESS!
I CAN'T FIND BUSTER ANYWHERE AMONGST THIS CROWD OF HUMANS. AND MY PRESENCE IS ONLY SERVING TO CREATE FURTHER PANIC
BUT I MUST KEEP SEARCHING. IF MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS CAN HOLD DEVASTATOR AT BAY UNTIL I CAN FIND OUR HUMAN FRIEND
VICTORY WILL BE OURS


MEANWHILE.
NOW, TRACKS NOW!
HERE'S A FACE FULL 'A BLACK LIGHT COMING AT 'CHA, DEVASTATOR
TH WUMP!
UURRG!
CAN'T SEE
PERFECT! WHILE HE'S TEMPORARILY BLINDED, I'LL –
SMOKESCREEN – FORGET THAT ONE! LOOK – OVER IN THE STAND!
OH HECK – SOUNDWAVE!
THAT MUST BE WHERE BUSTER IS! HE'S AFTER MY SON!
GET US OVER THERE – NOW!
SMOKESCREEN – WHERE ARE YOU –
WHUUUMPH!

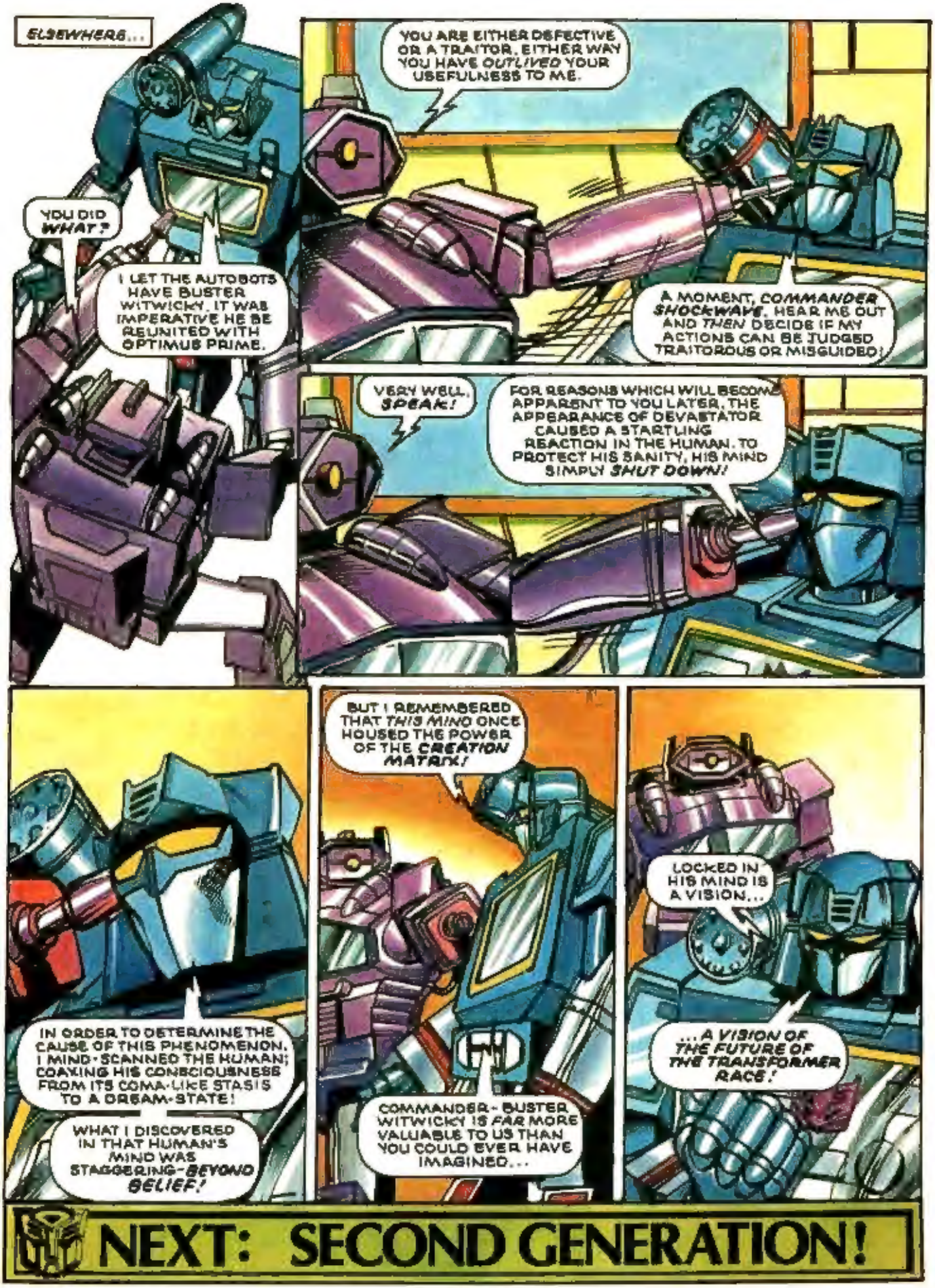
BUT, NEARBY.
SOMEBODY HELP... PLEASE! HE'S SICK- I HAVE TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL, HE'S
OH, BUSTER, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?
"YOU SEEMED TO HAVE SHAKEN OFF YOUR EARLIER DEPRESSION COMPLETELY WHEN THE DERBY GOT UNDERWAY."
"BUT THEN, WHEN THAT... THING APPEARED YOU..."
"YOU..."
NO. IT'S NO USE DWELLING ON WHAT'S ALREADY HAPPENED. GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER - GOT TO HELP BUSTER MYSELF!
OOF! BE EASIER IF YOU DIDN'T WEIGH SO MUCH, THOUGH, BUSTER!
HERE - LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT WEARISOME BURDEN!
WHA-?
OH NO - NO!
AH, BUT I INSIST!


GET YOUR METAL PAWS AWAY FROM HIM, BUCKET HEAD! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S SICK!
INDEED I CAN, HUMAN. AND IF YOU WOULD CEASE YOUR ANNOYING WHINING FOR A MOMENT, MY MIND-READING ABILITIES WILL REVEAL EXACTLY WHAT AILS HIM!
I WISH THE HUMAN TO BE 'N PERFECT CONDITION WHEN I –
BY THE MATRIX! LITERALLY!
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING
NO! Y-YOU CAN'T MEAN TO –
BRAWN! HE'S SEEN YOU SNEAKING UP LOOK OUT!
FA-THAM!


ALTHOUGH BRAWN WAS DOWN, SMOKESCREEN HAD THE SPLIT-SECOND HE NEEDED TO TRANSFORM . . .
SOUNDWAVE!
MOVE AWAY FROM THE KID OR YOU'RE MINCED METAL!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
NO NEED FOR THREATS, AUTOBOT. THIS WHOLE EPISODE IS A SAD MISTAKE ON OUR PART. ALLOW US TO LEAVE IN PEACE AND NO HARM WILL COME TO THOSE YOU SEEK TO PROTECT.
CONSTRUCTICONS - SEPARATE AND PREPARE TO MOVE OUT.
HUH? I DON'T GET IT - WHY GIVE UP WHEN THEY HAD US ON THE ROPES?


FAREWELL, AUTOBOT. REST ASSURED THAT WHEN WE NEXT MEET— UNDER *DIFFERENT* CIRCUMSTANCES...
YOU WILL NOT BE SO FORTUNATE!
THEY'RE *REALLY* JUST GOING?! I DON'T SEE IT— WHAT WAS THIS FIGHT ALL ABOUT?
BEATS ME. ONE THING'S FOR SURE, THOUGH— THE DECEPTICONS DON'T MAKE *'MISTAKES'* OF THAT MAGNITUDE. SOMETHING SOUNDWAVE DISCOVERED ABOUT BUSTER MADE HIM CHANGE HIS WHOLE PLAN OF ACTION.
I THINK PRIME'S GONNA' WANT TO LOOK INTO THIS— *PERSONALLY!*

LATER, ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT ST. HILARY...
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
WE'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A TALKING AMBULANCE AND YOU'RE TELLING ME TO STAY CALM?!
MY SON'S ILL! HE NEEDS A PROPER HUMAN HOSPITAL, WITH PROPER HUMAN DOCTORS - NOT MORE EXPOSURE TO THESE MECHANICAL LUNATICS!
RATCHET - THAT WAS A DIRTY LOW-DOWN TRICK TO PLAY ON A WORRIED FATHER!
ALL I DID WAS ARRIVE AT THE PRECISE TIME YOU WERE EXPECTING THE HUMAN AMBULANCE TO TURN UP. CAN I HELP IT IF YOU JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION..?
AND INTO THE WRONG AMBULANCE!
BESIDES, I AGREE WITH OPTIMUS PRIME. WHATEVER AILS BUSTER IS UNLIKELY TO BE TREATABLE BY YOUR LIMITED PHYSICIANS. IN MY OPINION, BUSTER'S BETTER OFF WITH US.
OH YEAH? WELL YOU CAN TAKE YOUR OPINION AND—
MISTER WITWICKY!
IT'S BUSTER - SOMETHING'S WRONG!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAVING HIMSELF ONE GRAND-DADDY OF A NIGHTMARE THERE.
HANG ON, SON... HANG ON.
G-GOT... TO RUN... RUUUN!


ELSEWHERE...
YOU DID WHAT?
I LET THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BUSTER WITWICKY. IT WAS IMPERATIVE HE BE REUNITED WITH OPTIMUS PRIME.
YOU ARE EITHER DEFECTIVE OR A TRAITOR. EITHER WAY YOU HAVE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS TO ME.
A MOMENT, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE. HEAR ME OUT AND THEN DECIDE IF MY ACTIONS CAN BE JUDGED TRAITOROUS OR MISGUIDED!
VERY WELL. SPEAK!
FOR REASONS WHICH WILL BECOME APPARENT TO YOU LATER, THE APPEARANCE OF DEVASTATOR CAUSED A STARTLING REACTION IN THE HUMAN. TO PROTECT HIS SANITY, HIS MIND SIMPLY SHUT DOWN!
IN ORDER TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF THIS PHENOMENON, I MIND-SCANNED THE HUMAN; COAXING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS FROM ITS COMA-LIKE STASIS TO A DREAM-STATE!
WHAT I DISCOVERED IN THAT HUMAN'S MIND WAS STAGGERING-BEYOND BELIEF!
BUT I REMEMBERED THAT THIS MIND ONCE HOUSED THE POWER OF THE CREATION MATRIX!
COMMANDER-BUSTER WITWICKY IS FAR MORE VALUABLE TO US THAN YOU COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED...
LOCKED IN HIS MIND IS A VISION...
...A VISION OF THE FUTURE OF THE TRANSFORMER RACE!
NEXT: SECOND GENERATION!